

SAUNTERINGS

Who shall gainsay the fact that propinquity is responsible for many of our most thrilling romances. The latest instance of the kind is the case of the kittenish divorcee who was formally the wife of a leading barrister, and her young friend, both of whom live at a rather popular hostelry removed from the business district. But they don't take all their meals there—oh, my, no—they play the cafes from soda to hock. This not only adds to their joy of living, but furnishes the lady with a vast amount of information which she disseminates at leisure embellished by her own peculiar descriptive powers, heightened by an imagination in which viciousness predominates. For a long time she has made a business of scandalizing people, some of whom she does not even know, and it sets a bad example to the boy she has taken to raise. But isn't propinquity a great thing? How often it happens that when two meet regularly at the same table in a boarding house, they find soul stuff in soup and the music of heart strings in the spaghetti.

Here is a great chance for somebody. Among the matrimonial cards which recently appeared in the San Francisco paper was the following:

"Lonely young widow, age 21, weight 135, owns nice comfortable home, 320 acres finest wheat land near Pacific coast, worth \$30,000, income \$3,000 yearly, also large bank account, good disposition, easy to get along with, will marry poor man if bright, honorable, ambitious and capable of managing property successfully; more particulars for any man answering quickly, inclosing some postage. Address Sincere, B415, Farmingdale, So. Dak. (General deliveries not answered.); this notice is genuine.

It's a doggone shame that whenever we collide with an opportunity such as this presents, business matters keep us tied at home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wingfield were the host and hostess at a beautiful supper dance at their new home in San Francisco a week ago, given in honor of some former Salt Lakers which lends an item of local interest to the affair. The dance was for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filler and Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Travis. Fifty Salt Lake, Reno and San Francisco friends enjoyed the event.

Emma Calve, the opera singer, is serving with the Red Cross in France and soothing the wounded with song. In a letter written to New York she says:

"My sister-in-law and myself are both in the Red Cross taking care of the wounded in the hospitals of Toulon," wrote Mme. Calve. "I sing to the wounded and lull them to sleep when they are getting better, and war songs for those who, after the healing of their wounds, are going back to defend poor France."

Mme. Calve wrote that she had given up a concert tour in the west to perform this service for the Red Cross and her country.

Those among us who heard her singing the folk songs of her country at that little house in Farmington, while she was walking through the village near which her train was standing, can realize fully how sweetly the music must fall on the ears of the wounded.

There is considerable excitement in the smart set, because a friend on the coast has written one of the younger matrons here that she expects her to give Gertrude Hoffman a dance at the Tennis club during the week she appears here. Needless to say, most of the excitement is among the men and if she is to be the guest of honor at such an affair, and will bring along thirty or forty of her company, it will help out immensely during Christmas week.

One of the dailies recently mentioned a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Somebody "in honor of the fifteenth wedding anniversary of their parents." This is a great state.

Ex-Congressman Knott used to relate the following story:

"There had been a celebration in honor of St. Francis Xavier, which I attended. A host of negroes in the neighborhood were Catholics. On my way home I met a darkey boy and asked him how he liked the Catholic service, remarking that I did not understand it, adding, 'there is one point about it I never liked.'

"What is that?" said the boy.

"The priest does all his praying in Latin," I replied.

"At this the boy threw himself down in the road and rolled over.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said I.

"The darkey answered, 'Fo God, massa, don't you think the Lord can understand de Latin as well as English? In de Catholic churches de priest he prays to de Lord and not to de congregation.'

Truth was never driven home harder.

Samuel Newhouse entertained at a theatre party the opening night of the Forbes-Robertson engagement, and later gave a supper at the Grill at which the eminent actor was the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. George Relf gave a theatre party on Thursday, taking their guests to 'The Light That Failed.' Supper was served at the Utah.

One of the largest charity events of the season was that given on Thursday at the Ladies Literary clubhouse by the Judge Mercy Hospital League. Between two and three hundred were present and the affair was a great social and financial success.

Lieut. and Mrs. C. L. Sampson left on Thursday for the east after a stay of a fortnight at the home of Mrs. Sampson's parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Dodge. They will return for a brief visit on their way to the Presidio where the Lieutenant will be stationed.

Mrs. Matthew Cullen was the hostess at a card party on Wednesday when the members of the Imperial Bridge club were the guests.

Mrs. William H. Dickson and Mrs. Russel G. Schuider and son will spend the winter months in Honolulu, sailing from San Francisco a week from today.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Jeffs and daughter have gone to southern California where they will remain until spring.

The women of the First Congregational church are holding their Christmas bazaar which will close this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury have gone to New York for a pleasure trip and Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury left early in the week for Los Angeles where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. D. Clark are now at home at the Bransford.

Mrs. Arthur Bird has returned from New York. She was accompanied east by Miss Anna McCormick who will spend the holidays in the Metropolis.

A delightful luncheon was given by Mrs. Richard A. Keyes on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Charles L. Sampson.

The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wherry was celebrated at a dinner given on Tuesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Wherry at their home.

Mrs. J. T. Keith was the hostess at a tea at her home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. DeNike are at home at 587 First avenue.

Miss Nora Gleason entertained at an informal dancing party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Lafayette Hanchett entertained on Thursday afternoon her guests being the Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hale have returned from Los Angeles.

Thos Blyth and Mr. and Mrs. Will Blyth have returned to Evanston after visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Keith.

Capt. and Mrs. Frank L. Hines left during the week for the Presidio.

He was an arrogant and quarrelsome old farmer, and the only person of any importance who had managed to avoid clashing with him was the mild-mannered vicar. But even this forbearing gentleman lost his temper when the farmer impudently turned his horses loose in the church yard and refused to take them out again. High words ensued, and the vicar so far forgot himself as to call the farmer "a broken-down old mule." Off went the farmer on the instant, and crashed noisily into the village lawyer's office. "Mr. W., the vicar has just called me a broken-down old mule," he bawled. "What am I to do?" Now the lawyer had once received a severe rebuff from the farmer, and had waited for a chance to repay it. Here was his opportunity, and he seized it with both hands. "Don't come to me about that," he said, coolly. "I can't patch you up. I'm no veterinary surgeon."—San Francisco Argonaut.

"I told you to take the bill up to room twelve." "Well, I did." "Impossible; I hear the gentleman still singing."—Livingston Lance.

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